

The Wrong Boat?

BY GENEVIEVE KENNEDY.

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The skipper was disappointed. Around him lay a bright panorama of meadow land and bay, with orchard wreathed villages glimpsed at the base of the hills. The tide, full flood or just at the turn, was singing its well loved, seductive melody, adding to his impatience.

"Might scour the highways," he said, "and compel them to come out with us, or we might go puffing off by ourselves." This to the shining launch, rising and falling lazily at his feet as she lay moored to the wharf on which he was standing.

The sin of inactivity lay heavily on the engineer's motor loving heart also. Again he turned his attention where further attention was superfluous. The sun in its strength was not one whit more perfect than Ben's engine. His disgust was intense at the decision of the skipper's guests not to venture

concerning the advent of women in his sanctum sanctorum; but enter, and once inside I guess we can manage it."

"Is that your pet phrase?" she queried.

The sentence, the inflection of his voice, struck her as being characteristic of him. For many years a half whimsical habit had been her guide in her choice of friends. Her motor was the speaking voice. Seldom did one prove false to her first conception of it; seldom had any one attracted her attention whose vocabulary was apparently so limited.

A sudden lurch of the launch caused them both to look seaward.

"The bay is roughening to a right choppy sea," vouchsafed Ben from his post at the engine.

"I see it's 'Standard,'" said the girl, looking at shining mass of metal—"and four cylinders." She was interested at once.

"I'm used a little to automobile engines, will you show me the difference? There's only one profession in the world nicer than mine and it's engineering."

Ben surrendered easily; it seemed though, technically, the skipper knew most about them after all.

Ben, stepping across the small room, took charge of the wheel and left them to run the engine, too well, the point nearest Greenville they could make.

Occasionally their hands came in contact in their explanatory research of carburetor, sparking plug, etc. Finally Ben came to the rescue of the seekers after information with explanation of gasoline motor power such as the vernacular required. "You see," he said, letting go the wheel to better demonstrate the subject nearest his heart, "a lump of gas is sucked into the inside, right here; the piston comes up and hits it a whack, the spark jumps in, and there you are."

Ben's enthusiasm received a sudden and permanent check. A great wave of spray funneling in through the engine room door quenched him utterly. As the boat shot her bow into a chasm in the waters the skipper's left arm encircled the girl's neck, barely saving her head from contact with the iron cylinder.

"To your engine, Ben; I'll take the wheel."

Brief as had been Ben's exposition, the boat had rounded the towering rock spit of Cape Land and was in the "rip" of the open channel whose tidal waves and sudden equals are phenomenal.

The girl turned to the window, poisoning herself with the ease of a sea-born child whose earliest home and best love is ever unfathomable ocean. Headlong plunged the boat, as lightly scaling the frothing peaks of brine as any cliff-born bird its aerial home. Sheet after sheet of spray drove over them, blinding window and eye alike, but the engine trodded steadily and the cedar hull rebuffed, jauntily, each succeeding blow. Overhead the wind tore and screamed through the awning.

"It ought to come down," said the girl, watching the fight "but man and the elemental. It's a shame to bother her so."

Her eyes laughed, her body was tense, and her nerves stanch as the launch herself, "and quite as insensible to fear," thought the skipper. "It's a shame to bother her so."

Overhead the canvas shook like the rumble of heavily loaded drays; the camp chairs were swept by the wash of the sea, now to leeward, now to windward again; small craft struck the fragile craft in the stunning effect of shivering passes after severe blows. Then, as though taking a deep breath, she rode the next wave triumphant.

At last the girl could stand it no longer. "I can remove that awning myself," she cried, and started for the companionway.

"Stay where you are," commanded the skipper, as one having authority, and she obeyed. "I gave you the hands leave for the day, that is why I hesitated about crossing this morning, but I guess we can manage."

"Yes, I'm sure of it," she interrupted. "I was awfully good of you to try, but I'm not one bit sorry—it's the best day I've had in five years, and then, with necessary urgency in face and voice, 'I must reach mother tonight.'"

The unceremonious sea flung her body against his, and she, as all supplanted her, showed a disinclination to touch the wheel again, but business is business, and—there was a report like a pistol, followed by a groan from Ben. The girl sprang to his side as he held up one hand steadily and high, as if he was his right hand. The skipper turned, not daring to leave the wheel.

"What has happened?" he asked, anxiously. The engine clicked on evenly.

"On a useless wrist," groaned Ben, possible landlubber. "I'll try to per—broken or sprained, — it. The crank shaft blew off."

The girl was at his side, carefully examining the injured wrist. "I think it's a sprain," she said, "but I'll take you to the gallery between the engine room and the saloon, finding there ice water and a napkin, with which she did the best she could for him, but the hand, which was useless, was still clenched in fury of the wind and wave, he needed his left hand to prevent further injury to his right.

Affairs were becoming a bit involved for the skipper.

"It seems to me," he said to the girl, "that as good a sailor as you must have some knowledge of steering—have you ever tried?"

"I am used to steering by tiller; if you will show me a bit I think we can manage it," she quoted, thrilling him again with the sense of poise and power her starlike eyes incited.

He gave her the course by compass, and found her hands steady as her eyes, and her grip of the wheel, such as it was, was mind-love-softened, might guide a man through life's unrecognizable sea to some snug anchorage. Thus, passenger at wheel, skipper at engine, Ben doing what he could, they silently sped on.

The winds had their will of the awning, and by its loss the launch was steadier. Quite suddenly the gale lulled; the tide at lowest ebb forbore to "rip." The sunset's widening glory shone on the green hills from the shadow of which ran the long white pier of Greenville. Of the skipper the girl asked one more kindness.

"I cannot bear to meet folk tonight and answer questions. I must see my mother first. There's a cove just back of our house only a mile down the beach. I can row myself, if—"

"I'll manage that." There was, perhaps, a suggestion of eagerness in the skipper's well modulated voice, but however that may have been, he would willingly have rowed twice the distance for the glory of her eyes and smile.

After the storm's deafening roar the even throb of the engine and soft



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Such as we are now having naturally makes you think of cooler garments and the best place to buy them. Follow the crowds and you'll land at the Boston Store. The best for variety, quality and values offered.

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27 inches wide, in shades of helio, pink, new blue, green, Copenhagen, old rose and natural; \$1.00 values for.

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20 inches wide, in many new and striking designs. All the new colorings, worth 25c a yard; special at.

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Black and colors. Materials of mohair, panama and voile. Plain and fancy; all new spring models, worth \$7.50; special.

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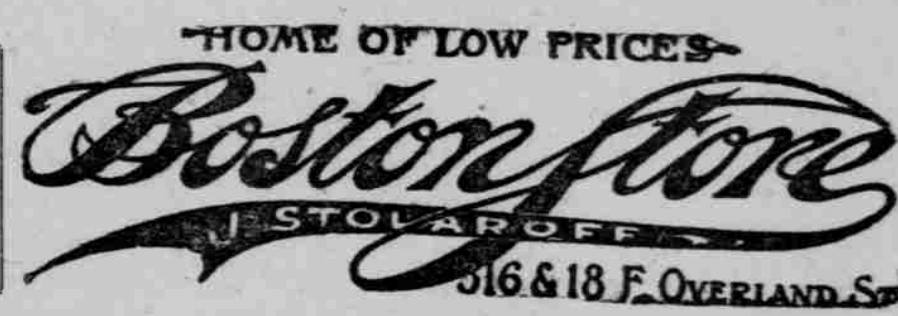
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AMUSEMENTS.

A REX BEACH PICTURE.

"Partners," a dramatic story written by Rex Beach especially for the Edison company to depict in moving pictures, will be shown at the Crystal theater for the last time tonight. Every woman who attends between the hours of 4:15 and 7:15 will be given a card entitling her to a cabinet photograph of herself or a member of her family.

"THE GINGERBREAD MAN."

Messrs. Rice and Varley, the managers of "The Gingerbread Man," the next attraction at the El Paso, promise one of the best musical productions of the season, bringing the entire New York cast of the "Gingerbread Man." It is a company of 50 people. Tuesday, February 15, matinee and night, it appears here. Seats go on sale Saturday at the Crawford.

ELLEN BEACH YAW

The Woman's club of this city is being congratulated in securing such an attraction as Madam Yaw, the well known grand opera singer and her excellent concert company will appear at the El Paso theater Monday, February 14. The New York Herald says: "The performance was heard by a large audience, and Miss Yaw was applauded with vigor, which at times became vociferous. The attitude of her hearers was friendly at the start and approving at the finish."

THE CRAWFORD.

The Bailey Stock company is more than pleasing large houses with the

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a cough that has been hanging on for over two months by taking Ballard's Horehound Syrup. If you have a cough, don't wait—stop it at once with this wonderful remedy. Splendid for coughs, colds on chest, influenza, bronchitis and pulmonary troubles. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

MEXICAN YOUTH IS SHOT; MAY DIE

Ponciano Delgado Accident—ally Shot While Examining Gun.

Ponciano Delgado, a Mexican 22 years of age, was accidentally shot at 8 o'clock, Tuesday night by Ignacio Santano, who was playing with a .28-caliber revolver in a store at the corner of Oklahoma and Walnut streets, in East El Paso.

Santano was showing his friend the gun when it accidentally exploded and the bullet entered Delgado's right side to the right and a little below the

STERNUM, ranged downward and came out below the center of the right scapula, inflicting a wound that may prove fatal.

Dr. A. H. Butler was summoned to attend the wounded man who was removed to his home, near the canal, where he lies in a critical condition. Santano offered to surrender to the police but was not arrested, as witnesses told the police officer the affair was an accident.

ANOTHER CHINA SHOWER.

At the popular Majestic tonight manager Rich will give away to every woman holding a reserved seat coupon another piece of that handsome hand decorated chinaware. Three shows are given nightly—7:30, 9:30 and 9:30.

Globe Flour, best by test, and the payroll in El Paso.

MEXICAN BOY, AGED 16, FINED IN POLICE COURT

Jesus Villa, arrested Monday afternoon in the barn of Frank Coles at 311 San Antonio street, was fined \$10 in police court this morning when arraigned on a charge of attempting to steal feed from Coles's barn.

He says that he is but 16 years old and Judge Lea in fining him said: "I do not like to fine boys of your age, but you have been up here before charged with stealing brass and other things."

WANT ADS BY TELEPHONE.

The Herald has arranged to take want ads by phone. Call Bell 115, Auto 1115 up to 2 o'clock daily. Your ad will be received, inserted promptly and collected for next day.

Fort Bayard, N. M., Dec. 23, 1908.

Sealed proposals in triplicate for the complete construction, plumbing, heating, electric light wiring, and electric light fixtures, for one double set of hospital quarters, and one power plant with machinery for refrigerating and electric lighting systems at this post, will be received until 11 a. m. February 15, 1910, and then opened. Information furnished on application. U. S. reserves the right to accept or reject any or all proposals or any part thereof. Envelopes containing proposals should be marked "Proposals for Public Buildings" and addressed to Capt. S. P. Vestal, Constructing Quartermaster. A deposit of \$10 will be required of intending bidders to guarantee the return of plans and specifications.

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